THE BOMB 1888





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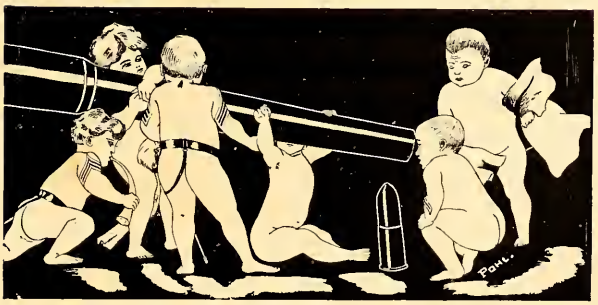
LIMIT GATE.

THE BOMB

PUBLISHED BY THE CADETS OF THE

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA



THE STONE PRINTING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PRINTERS, ENGRAVERS AND BINDERS
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Dedication

To the Sacred Memory of Edward P. C. Lewis,
the one member of '99 whom death took from our midst,
this volume is lovingly dedicated as a
small token of remembrance.

The Editors.



Editorial.

TO THOSE desiring information, we wish to say, that this paper has been gotten out without any of the troubles usually attending such publications. We were only dismissed once and had more time after reinstatement, than we could dispose of—about twenty minutes every day for a month. The night-hawk promenader did not see our beacon light after the usual retiring hour; it was against the regulations, and, besides, cadets need every golden moment after ten p. m. for sleeping off the intoxicating effects of their (two for a quarter) supper.

The casualties thus far are a minimum—two of the editors have obtained admission to the insane asylum. The business manager is boarding at the destination of the "hurry-up wagon."

The editor-in-chief sails home when the country declares for free silver and no debt. The remaining editors having no intelligence to lose and not enough character to incur debt are only physical wrecks (broken down with writers' cramp and blind staggers). With the sincere hope that coming "Papers" will be produced under similarly auspicious circumstances, and will reap the same benefits our faculty have kindly bestowed upon us, we now present you this unequalled publication, produced at an enormous expenditure of brain tissue and demerits and humbly beg our readers' leniency toward all that is new and not brilliant or brilliant and not new.

W. M. G.
and H. G. M.

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RED, WHITE, AND ORANGE.

Institute Yell:

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Military Institute! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Hoo! Ri! Rah! Hoo! Ri!
Ri! Ri! V. M. I.!

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To General Shipp.

O golden-throated orators,
Have you no word to say
For erring youth so penitent,
Who hang their heads to-day;
Who sorrow for a night of sport;
Beneath the milky-way?

O "Fourth-of-July" revelers,
Grown old and gray with age,
Have you no place to make for those
Who scorned a captain's rage,
And for one hour of happiness
Nor draw the exile's wage?

But hear the beardless youths that pray
For mercy. Man forgets
The tears of youth when once his sun
In western sky low sets;
Though age is but a step away
From college and cadets!

Remember how the fires of youth
Burned in your blood as hot!
E'en though you fired no rockets from
The barrack's chimney-pot!
Nor fastened in your captain
Till the fireworks were "sot!"

Remember those "hegiras" of
The long, long years ago!
Ah! some of them who played the games
With happy hearts aglow,
Now sleep in silent victory
O'er life's best fun, you know!

For they went not on barrack roof
To shell the starry sky!
They marched up to the cannon's mouth
And aimed full true and high!
Those heroes of New Market who
Did for their country die!

So may the boys who braved disgrace
For one brief hour's spree,
With wanton fire-pops and squibs
And dancing sparks of glee,
Brave, sterner, cruel generals
To keep their country free!

So may they face the Spanish gun,
As did those boys of old,
With clumsy Belgian rifles;
Their colonel (I 've been told)
Cheer'd lustily and joyously
As blue smoke upward rolled.

From fireworks and crackers in
A crimson fringe of flame,
As o'er the swaying wheatfield green
The "children" onward came,
Following where their colonel led,
You know his honored name!

Ah! discipline is good indeed,
Tho' Washington had none,
Nor Marion, the swamp-fox,
You know, sir, how they won!
So, take the boys back again,
'T was but a little fun.

Oh, temper judgment with your love,
Stern general, master, man!
A boy's life grows harder with
Each hour's length'ning span!
So take the boys back again,
Nor put them under ban.

But give them Nassau bacon soaked
With tar and kerosene!
Replace their patent-leathers with
A knap-sack and canteen;
Then let them try their fireworks in
A May wheatfield of green.

Though Melton gray, or Union blue,
With pompon standing high;
Though some calloused veteran sing
"Rockabye, baby bye!"
You know those same cadets will march
To win the day—or die!

So take the boys home again
To the happy V. M. I.

With thanks to John S. Wise for his story of New Market in an old *Century*.

—*Eva S. Grant.*

Newcastle, Va.



CEMETERY—GENERAL JACKSON'S STATUE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Liberty Hall.

ALMOST every cadet who has attended the Institute since the year '90, is well acquainted with the name that heads this article and what it stands for, on account of the diverse incidents that have taken place in Liberty Hall in connection with his cadet life.

Situated within limits, its doors are always open and ready to receive within its walls any one who cares to cast aside during the short recreation hours the monotonous barracks life, exchanging it for the pleasures afforded by social surroundings, whenever duty or punishment, which always comes unsought, does not compel him to remain caged in the " Sanctum Sanctorum."

Liberty Hall is the only place in Lexington, where the cadets irrespective of class enjoy the privileges of home life, as the charming hostess spares no trouble to make everything as pleasant and agreeable as possible.

After the sweet strains of taps have commanded " lights out " and the only sound heard in barracks is the tramping of the lone sentinel intrusted with the safety of the lives of his fellow-cadets, many " at homes " are given in the different rooms, and in all these a great part of the choicest delicacies that the culinary art can procure are smuggled in from Liberty Hall, this operation requiring the greatest precaution and sagacity, for otherwise you will find yourself the possessor of an empty basket, much to your regret. The fame of the smuggled eatables is known to all cadets, hence the need of care.

One night last winter Liberty Hall came very near experiencing the fate that the building of the same name, situated not very far from the Athens of the South, and of great historic fame as an educational center, suffered in years past; but the prompt arrival of the members

of the corps saved it from utter destruction, by quickly checking the advance of the flames that surrounded it.

During the Finals, the crowning event of the session, on account of the changes that occur in the different classes, Liberty Hall is the center of attraction for a good many cadets as some of the fairest daughters of the South, who come to add glory and splendor to our commencement, with their charms and beauty, make their headquarters at this favorite place.

The Class of '99 will soon pass out of existence from the annals of the institute, its members to occupy prominent positions in the long list of alumni and to place fresh laurels upon the altar of their alma mater, by continuing the work already begun by her illustrious sons in every sphere of life. Whenever we look back to our happy cadet days spent at the Virginia Military Institute, the name of Liberty Hall will always hold a warm place in our hearts. A. M., '99.

Alumni Day.

AMONG the celebrations of our Commencement week there is none due more notice in the pages of our Annual than the day set apart for the assembly of the Alumni. Acknowledging their strong attachment to the Institute together with their sympathy and enthusiastic interest manifested for her maintenance and continuation of usefulness in training young men of our great country to be good and honorable citizens, it becomes us as members of the graduating class to cordially welcome them and express in courteous terms our appreciation of their presence in our midst, and to exert every effort in making their stay most pleasant and agreeable.

When we consider that the greatness of an institution of learning is but the greatness of her sons, demonstrated in service rendered mankind not only through thought and eloquence in peace's tranquillity, but also by devotedness equally unshaken in times of deadly conflict,—not only strong amid the dazzling brilliance of a diplomatic crowd, but fearless and powerful before thickening masses of contending armies and smoke of musketry,—we are more and more deeply impressed with the sublimity of Virginia Military Institute, and with recognition of regard for her Alumni who have so nobly wrought her fame and glorious immortality. Virginia Military Institute can well boast of her eminence. Her record in the past established by heroism of her sons is an imperishable spotless monument, fashioned and built not suddenly by the magic chisel of an accomplished artist to guard the memory of some potentate but her fair fame arose magnificent from the valor of those who fell in defence of the flag, and continues to endure by the life and virtue of those who survive; warriors, statesmen, citizens.

Alumni Day which reassembles the scattered flock under the spread wing of the common parent can not be ignored or even lightly considered by us, but on the contrary we recognize it as a day consecrated to the reunion of men who yearn for V. M. I.'s prosperity and leave undone nothing that tends to promote her interests.

Not only do these gatherings amalgamate and strengthen fraternitism between Alumni, but those who graduate each year are inspired by their presence, identified and commingled with them thus augmenting and strengthening the interests of all.

We hope to see a larger reunion of Alumni this year than has been heretofore our pleasure to witness.

Alumni Day, Wednesday, June 21st.




99 CLASS CELEBRATION



New Year's Celebration.

DECEMBER 31st, 1898. What member of '99, however forgetful, can cease to remember this eventful date which brought down upon our heads, victory and elation, then—arrest and dismissal in one great crash like plaster from a rotten wall.

A New Year's celebration. The hows, whys and wherefores of this great essential to every graduating class had been carefully pondered over, worked out and kept dark by a committee of five, selected by the class upon their past merits as rollers, schemers, strategists, and all the other qualities that go to make up successful Mollies.

Many a midnight meeting did the board hold in various sequestered spots, where gradually the plans took form, developed and became possibilities that were calculated to stir things up to an extent never before reached in the Institute's history.

That our task would be no easy one everybody fully appreciated, for had not our Commandant stormed, sputtered and hurled threats at us every time the subject managed to find an entrance into his mind? But the difficulties to be overcome only made the game more interesting, and rapidly the long expected day drew near.

In the crush of Christmas boxes that arrived, on or about that holiday, came five large coffin shaped boxes that could have contained edibles enough to sustain a regiment. When questioned about them the cadets to whom they were addressed, promptly squelched the offenders, with the word *Feed*, accompanied by a look, such as only a first classman can assume and only a cadet survive. Closely packed away in one of the old towers, hid among the rafters and deep beneath the floor, rested the bundles that made bankrupts of every member of '99, watched in fear and trembling by those rooming below.

On the evening of the thirty-first the completed plans were for the first time laid before the class, and when the announcement was made that the roof had been selected as the theatre of operation, a gasp of satisfaction went up from the crowd and one of the light-headed members offered the suggestion that the fellows had better be careful and not slip, for if he fell off the roof he 'd be sure to get caught and shipped. The offender was promptly lifted out, and business went on.

At 9:30 p. m., as the calls from the companies below gradually ceased, the thirty-five members of the class, one by one, began sauntering into 91, each wearing a gilt-edge look of unconcern on his face. Once inside, the necessary articles for the elaborate pyrotechnic display were handed each man and he was sent up the hatch, into the dark tower, where masks were donned, and the awful job of waiting commenced.

With doors padlocked tight, the men crouched down in the darkness with strained eyes and saw nothing, and ears that heard but the flapping of the flag ropes against their poles and the dash of sleet against the tin roof and small windows.

Slowly the moments ticked by, while hearts beat louder and faster and every ear awaited the word "*Now*" which came from our president stationed at the small door leading to the roof. At that magic word, every one gave a sigh of relief and watched the Elder Pliny (a name from that moment one to conjure with in the history of '99) light and throw the first bomb, which burst as the last soft note of taps died away among the hills.

Then began the carnival of fire, brightening and leaping, fed by hands wild with their last half hour's inactivity and pent up feelings, while down in the courtyard a *very* small group of subs and authorities gazed helplessly up at the fun they had vowed should never take place.

For an hour the fireworks continued, and as the last few straggling shots burst and died, the bewildered representatives of military authority gathered at the foot of the only means of escape, and after bracing themselves several times for the coming ordeal, awaited the culprits.

The fate of '99 after such a blowout was quickly decided, viz.: a wholesale shipment, a month's vacation, reinstatement, and our graduating day will find us all, with one exception, at our posts to hear for the last time together the strains of Auld Lang Syne.

W. M. G.




02
01
00
99
THE CLASSICS

CLASS OF '99.

Colors.

LAVENDER AND MAROON.

Yell.

Holy ! Monkey !—I !
Ancient ! V. M. I !
Take a drink or die !
Of old Kentucky !—I !
Mulacrow ! Mulacrow ! Mulacrow ! Mi !
Cairo ! Cairo ! Cairo ! Ki !
Dites ! Alui ! Atem ! Tay ! Tay ! Ti !
Ninety-nine ! Ninety-nine ! V. M. I.!

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CLASS OF 1899.

History of '99.

MANY years ago when the primitive college annual made its appearance it was laid down as an unalterable principle, that any well-regulated, law-abiding, self-respecting, college annual must always have between its lids the class histories. These histories were inserted to prevent the class annuals from growing too interesting. In such a compilation of brilliancy, wit, animation, and general excellence as a college annual of the average sort one part at least must be made sufficiently "boring" to heighten the contrast between it and any good things that the book may contain. Class histories always succeed in this respect. After wading through one the average reader can turn to the perusal of a Greek dictionary with the same sense of relief that a cadet feels when he doffs a tight coatee for an old blouse.

It is not strange this should be so, for who is able to so write a class history that the outsider on reading it can know and feel that class story as if it were his own. Class histories are written, and masterly, beautiful class histories they are, but they are not written in annuals but on the hearts of the men who formed the class. There they exist in all their glowing characters, ineffaceable, truthful, eloquent and through all the advancing years they still remain to remind us of that time when all things wore for us the beauty of the spring-tide of life.

We began very much as classes have always begun their career at the Institute, a collection of fellows from all sections of the country, ignorant of the life here, and possessed of a generous and vain-glorious amount of "cheek." We soon learned to know each other, we soon became acquainted with Institute customs, but we took a long time learning not to be "cheeky," and some of us never did learn. To bow

the neck to the upper classman is a wearisome affair and there is much mortification of the spirit involved in learning how great is the yawning chasm which separates the old cadet from that outlawed, unpitied, submissive creature—a Rat.

For the first two months we were ridden, rammed, finned out, and generally whipped into shape in order that our awkwardness might not mar the beauty of the corps' rear rank on the trip to the Atlanta Exposition. That week was a respite for us and when the close of it came we returned to barracks to pass the winter months in playing " golf and football " in 121 and in celebrating the rites of the " Glutchen Glutch," a mysterious power which has manifested itself to none but members of this class.

So winter passed and gladly we hailed the advent of the spring time when suddenly and without warning the Grim Reaper entered our midst and claimed as his own one of our youngest and dearest. Death whispered, " Come " and from all the brightness of his young life " Ned " Lewis passed away to the glory of a far brighter, leaving forever in the hearts of saddened friends and classmates the fadeless memory of his generous and tender nature.

The months sped by, we drew nearer to the end of the year of our apprenticeship and welcomed the finals that should precede our return homewards. Again the corps made a journey, this time to the Richmond reunion, where its magnificent showing makes the heart of many an old alumnus swell with pride and causes him to yearn for the by-gone days of the gray coatee and the white cross-belts. The reunion over, with " cits " on our backs and with very doubtful cut-rate tickets in our pockets (we have spent all our money), we board the trains for home where there awaits a glad welcome and the unvarying cry, " Why, how he is grown," whereat the newly-made third classman swells up with much self-contentment and proceeds to make summer pass on the wings of the wind.

September comes and with it we come. Fierce in spirit, devil-may-care swash-bucklers we are, for are we not third classmen, as fierce as the Rat is gentle, as reckless as the Rat is prudent, and is it not, forsooth, the plain duty of all third classmen to show everybody what a very, very terrible set of Mollies they are? Therefore we " gang the gait " of those who are themselves but just released from the yoke of the master. With many penalty tours and hair-breadth escapes

from things far worse we pound along until the mad spirit of evil breaks forth on New Year's night and, after the wreckage is cleared away, we find ourselves very much in Limbo and all because—because—we went up town and were Mollies, gentle reader.

Again spring drills, again white trousers, again camp, " exams.," finals, and once again home and the golden hours of summer.

All too soon summer is over and we report for duty as second classmen. Nashville is in carnival attire this fall and thither we go in October to win new praises for the corps and to experience all the joys and sensations which Nashville and the Exposition can for one week afford us. Barracks then once more becomes our abode and after a long season of calm behold a mystery springs up to vex and trouble the minds of those who sit in the seats of the mighty. For lo! the gunpowder which was of much bulk and weight has vanished through a hole in the wall of the ordnance-room and though the ferrets hunt high and low no man can find where it is or whither it goeth, excepting when it goeth off with a " huge " noise in the still watches of the night, greatly to the rage of the " O. D.'s " and the chagrin of " Subs " and all others in authority. Surely, brethren, '99 could not have done this awful deed! Coming events cast their shadows before. The class seems determined to play with fire. The finals come once more, the finals when first we don the " blues " and dance the opening figure of the final ball. The ball is over. Our last summer furlough has begun.

The leaves grow scarlet and golden, trunks clog the arch, and amidst the confusion we hear the greetings and feel the hand-clasps of a band of fellows who together have run the race and who now see the beginning of the end. They have passed the three-quarter pole and the stretch lies in full view. The time passes by without a ripple on the surface of events to give the faintest sign of the uproar which conspiracy is planning.

One for all and all for one, the class to a man makes ready for the outburst whose results no one can foretell. In silence we await the coming of New Year's Eve, and then the lightnings are loosed. In the wake of that wild frolic which he held for the honor of the lavender and maroon comes the withering blast of extermination :—" Special Order No. —. The acting commandant has forwarded to the Superintendent the charges. * * * It only remains for the Superintendent to inflict the extreme penalty of the Regulations. The above-named

cadets are hereby dismissed and their connection with the Institute terminates with this date. By command, etc." All is over. Is it to end thus, are they to depart so, and are the remaining pages of their record to be left a blank? The issue seems doubtful but alma mater relents and takes back to herself the wayward sons who for sixty days walk through the Valley of Humiliation. So we are restored, knitted together more closely than before; for have we not all been tried in the fire of misfortune which consumes all dross?

The days are passing, ah, so swiftly! when all at once we realize that none remain and that the end is nigh. Behold us now, loved spirit of our class. Here are we the men whose qualities of muscle, brain, and heart have raised thy name to the high place it holds in the annals of classes. On gridiron, on drill-ground, in section-room, or in the eyes of their fellows they have wrought for thee, and now—their hour is almost over, their career is almost done. Never have they swerved from thee through all these years. Farewell, and may thy blessing attend us still.

Classmates, we have come to the parting of the ways. Together we have made the journey, sharing together the exultation over obstacles surmounted and bearing together whatever ill has betided us. Three sisters stand at the cross roads and greet us at the point where our paths divide. Wrapped in her enshrouding mantle, the sister Destiny takes each in turn, points to him his road, and says, "There lies your way. Pursue it fearlessly. May Fortune and Honor bear thee company forever." Stern-faced Reality cuts with the sharp edge of her weapon, Necessity, the clinging ties that bind us one to another, but as the severed bands fall to the ground the third sister, Memory, always young and of undying beauty, gathers them up and twines them in silken threads around the heart-strings of each. There they will remain so long as each heart shall beat. On those hearts is graven deeply the history of '99, as we alone know it and as we alone can ever know it. The time to part has come but before we take the diverging paths let us drink the toast which was written by one who also carried in his heart a class history:

"Behold this cup, its mystic wine
No alien's lip has ever tasted;
The blood of friendship's clinging vine,
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted.

Old time forgot his running sand,
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,
And death himself, with gentle hand,
Has touched the chalice, not to spill it."

"The boys we were, the boys we are,
So long as three as two are creeping,
Then here 's to him; Ah! who is he?
Who lasts till all the rest are sleeping.
A life with tranquil comfort blest,
The young man's health, the rich man's plenty,
All that is earth's, that earth has best,
And heaven at fourscore years and twenty."




Bowery
Frozen
Rough
Bad Hand
Boomer
Rough
Deco
Chollie
Big Bone

Class Prophecy, '99.

WE HAVE made every effort, used drugs unknown even in the Orient, bought dream-books by the ton and corresponded with clairvoyants in Chicago and Boston to no avail and it now becomes our sad duty to confess that in no way can we cast a horoscope for the Class of '99. One of the editors insisted that if he were supplied with the proper amount of tangle-foot he would put himself in a trance and dream the past, present, imperfect and pluperfect of it. Judging from his fervor, he was so sincere (drink makes liars of us all) that it was deemed advisable to give him a try, accordingly he was incarcerated with a quart of Bum's Extra High and two cigarettes, which latter had seen duty before. Poor boy! he dreamed a dream that was not all a dream. Passing in front of the room one would have thought Mrs. Bradley Martin was again doing herself proud. He was dreaming with a vengeance about himself, being everything from a Choctaw Indian to a brass band. When later we filed in his room there was no need to ask what he dreamed. A cigarette, business end in his mouth, and a bottle lying broken on the floor was a drama more eloquent than words. He dreamed of revelry and of song, for the way he embraced his luxuriant jag illustrated the former, and when last we saw His Royal Whizness he was tuning up to the latter. As we gently meandered toward the door, from his mouth came music, only comparable to the fifth symphony, the far-away, will o' the wisp strains of "Ha! Ha! My, etc." The artist will give you an idea of our present peculiarities and all but ten will tell their past lives but as for the future, we can't locate that enemy. If we may judge the future by the past, men wearing the colors lavender and maroon will be found in all places from the Himalayas to Klondike; in all positions, from a cell in Sing Sing to a seat in the Senate; and in every walk of life where there is fame, beauty, or dollars to be found. H. G. M.


BUNCO HALL
GOLD BRICKS
A BARGAIN
ALEX

Class Song of '99.

[Air, "*Marguerite of Montico.*"]

Fifty men strong bound by friendship's tie,
Fifty men here at the V. M. I.,
Form a class, the finest of the fine,
The Class of Ninety-nine.
Fifty men, we walk our stoop around,
Fifty men, no better can be found;
Fifty men, we're always right in line,
The Class of Ninety-nine.

CHORUS:

O! Ninety-nine, Thou wilt never perish;
O! Ninety-nine, Thee we'll ever cherish;
Bright gleams thy star and may it ever shine.
Cheer her with a vim, boys,
Cheer her with a vim, boys, Ninety-nine!

Proudly then her banner we unfold;
Ever to her colors we will hold—
Maroon and Lavender we combine
To be thy colors, Ninety-nine.
Ever let us have it as our aim
To advance thy loved and honored name,
Ever strive to win thee lasting fame,
Dear Class of Ninety-nine.

M. E. L., '99.

CLASS OF 1900.

Colors.

OLIVE AND MAROON.

Yell.

Hellabaloo ! hellabaloo !
Hellabaloo ! bala !
Clicka ! Clacka !
Clicka ! Clacka !
Sis ! boom ! ba !
Keero ! Keero ! Keero ! ki !
We are the Class 1900, V. M. I.
Allegoro ! goro ! goran !
Allegoro ! goro ! goran !
Hi ! hip ! Ki ! hip !
Hippity ! Hippity ! Hi !
1900 ! 1900 ! V. M. I.

Officers.

W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., Virginia, . . PRESIDENT.
C. RICE, Virginia, ... VICE-PRESIDENT.
C. H. MINGE, Louisiana, ... HISTORIAN.

Members.

W. F. ANSON, Martinsville, Va.
D. M. BERNARD, Petersburg, Va.
E. S. BERRY, San Francisco, Cal.
E. BISCOE, Washington, D. C.
W. A. BLACKFORD, Staunton, Va.
J. R. N. BOYD, Richmond, Va.
G. D. BROOKE, Sutherlin, Va.
F. Z. BROWN, Richmond, Va.
A. S. BUFORD, Richmond, Va.
G. P. CRAIGHILL, Lynchburg, Va.
B. J. EPES, Nottoway, Va.
G. H. ESSER, Stonega, Va.
H. T. HINE, Franklin, La.
C. R. HOWARD, Richmond, Va.
J. W. HYATT, Jonesville, Va.
A. D. P. JANNEY, Leesburg, Va.
R. A. JOHNSTON, Boonville, Mo.
H. L JORDAN, Smithfield, Va.
G. E. LEWIS, Tallahassee, Fla.
J. M. LUKE, Leemont, Va.
J. J. MCCRACKEN, Fredericksburg, Va.
J. L. MEEM, Mt. Jackson, Va.
C. H. MINGE, New Orleans, La.
W. B. MONTGOMERY, Lynchburg, Va.
G. B. PALMER, Northeast, Md.
J. PASCO, Monticello, Fla.
A. J. PIZZINI, Richmond, Va.
R. B. POAGUE, Lexington, Va.
C. RICE, Honaker, Va.
L. A. ROBERTSON, Galveston, Texas.
L. A. ROBINSON, Marlin, Texas.
C. TAYLOR, Lake City, Fla.
R. A. P. WALKER, Charlottesville, Va.
J. M. WINSTON, Richmond, Va



CLASS OF 1900.

Class History, 1900.

REALIZING but too well how uninteresting class histories are as a rule to all except the class members, we scarcely hope for many perusals of this brief sketch of our college life and we mainly intend it to keep in mind those erstwhile friends we once possessed and to tickle the palate of our self-conceit by recalling to memory some of our adventures as unfortunate but happy Rats. But to those old timers whom chance may direct to these passages we will say that we hope that the vicissitudes of cadet life through which we have passed may be appreciated.

Our Rat year proved our happiest; for then in the very blossom of our existence as a class we had not to regret the loss of so many of our friends who were soon to leave. The tutelage of a large third class made of us well-seasoned and cheeky rodents; for although bucking was a thing of the past think not for an instant that we profited thereby, for as an example the soap diets we ate kept our inside clean while vigorous applications of pomade and blacking gave us a creditable exterior. After passing through this stage where a smile or a nod from an upper classman made atonement for all the inconveniences the unlucky recipient was destined to receive, the time soon came when the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" had ceased. Each tailless Rat, tremblingly awaited the order announcing the officers for the following year and above all in his eyes the coveted corporality. And then, dear reader, if your imagination does not fail you, picture to yourself the final ball and the all-important Corp. who condescended to grace it with his presence. And now we beg you will kindly follow us through our year of drudgery. It seems to be the province of all in general to humble the proud third classman, and except for the night

when we treated barracks to a midnight serenade to the tune of the bomb and firecracker and the admittance of the third class Rats, we passed an uneventful year. Concerning the last-mentioned ceremony, a word may be said in explanation to give those who follow some slight idea of the pleasure that awaits them. It consists in the main in each old cadet member of the class bestowing a hearty whack with a bayonet scabbard upon a certain portion of the would-be member's anatomy, this being done merely to show that there is no hard feeling and to enable them to share the privileges of the class.

We make no claim to great section-room distinction, though we do possess such mental wonders as precocious Ted and the boning Mike. Few ruts were encountered in our road to academic success until some of our class buried their hopes deep beneath the tombstone of that all enticing Calculus, but those unfortunates live in the hopes of again resurrecting their mental bones and with a clear road behind them joining in the chase for the nimble Dip.

If it is desired to inquire into our social status we gladly refer all questions to our Chief of Calic Department, the gracious and lusty Buck. For few indeed are the girls who can resist the winning smiles of this Adonis, and the countenance of our handsome sheep would lure another Venus from the sea or cause the Ancient Helen to desert her Menelaus. Each historian is prone to extol the virtues of his class, so we hope the reader will be lenient with us if we in turn dwell upon the successes that have come our way.

And now for the year '99 which proved so unfortunate to the class above us and thrust such honors upon our own. To discharge the offices of a first class officer is the goal which we nearly all strive to reach, but we, through the dismissal of the Class of '99, have fulfilled positions that we are proud to say have never been fulfilled by a second class since the days of '64. The finals now are but a short time away, so we eagerly await the crowning moment in the life of all cadets, the time when the *blues* are donned.

C. H. M.

CLASS OF 1901.

Colors.

WHITE AND PURPLE.

Yell.

1—9—0—1, who are we?
Nineteen hundred and one,
Don't you see!!
Hi Ro! Ski Ro!!
Hi—Ro—Ki!!!
Naught one! Naught one!!!
V.—M.—I.

Officers.

C. C. McCABE, Maryland, ... PRESIDENT.
A. E. MILLER, Virginia, ... VICE-PRESIDENT.
J. V. JOHNSON, Arkansas, ... HISTORIAN.

Members.

F. B. ALLDERDICE, Hagerstown, Md.
W. B. BASKERVILLE, Dublin, Va.
C. F. BEDWELL, Columbus, Ohio.
A. W. BISBEE, Philadelphia, Pa.
K. D. BISBEE, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. BLUNT, Richmond, Va.
L. A. BRITTON, Pensaukin, N. J.
B. B. BROWNE, Winchester, Va.
A. J. BURGDORF, Washington, D. C.
J. L. CABELL, Richmond, Va.
A. G. CAFFEE, Carthage, Mo.
E. L. CANNON, Norfolk, Va.
L. A CARDEN, Big Stone Gap, Va.
T. S. CARTER, Mt. Jackson, Va.
H. B. CASTLEMAN, Gaylord, Va.
M. B. CHRISTY, Carnegie, Pa.

P. B. Clark, New York, N. Y.
C. Collis, New York, N. Y.
I. Davenport, Richmond, Va.
E. S. Doniphan, New York, N. Y.
J. H. Drake, Richmond, Va.
H. G. Ecker, Richmond, Va.
C. A. Ellett, Wilmington, Va.
F. C. Elliot, Tallahassee, Fla.
W. H. Fray, Culpeper, Va.
H. P. Fry, Chattanooga, Tenn.
R. Fulton, Newark, Ohio.
A. C. Galloway, Columbus, Ohio.
J. R. Gillum, Rockville, Ind.
D. E. Godfrey, Fort Duchesne, Utah.
W. Goodwin, Washington, D. C.
F. S. Gresham, Galveston, Texas.
R. S. Hartz, Richmond, Va.
A. A. Holmes, Atlanta, Ga.
P. W. V. Howard, Aberdeen, Miss.
E. B. Hubard, Salem, Va.
M. H. Hudgins, Portsmouth, Va.
J. B. Hudson, Waco, Texas.
J. V. Johnson, Little Rock, Ark.
R. W. Johnson, Little Rock, Ark.
D. A. Jones, Zanesville, Ohio.
O. V. Kean, Lynchburg, Va.
G. C. R. Kelly, Norfolk, Va.
R. B. Lemoine, Emmerton, Va.
J. M. Levy, Galveston, Texas.
H. J. MacIntyre, Thomasville, Ga.
W. I. MacIntyre, Thomasville, Ga.
G. C. Marshall, Uniontown, Pa.
St. J. R. Marshall, Portsmouth, Va.
E. S. Martin, Farmville, Va.
C. C. McCabe, Baltimore, Md.
E. R. McCabe, Baltimore, Md
P. McCormick, Berryville, Va.
C. L. McGhee, Franklinton, N. C.
A. E. Miller, Staunton, Va.
R. Moncure, Falmouth, Va.
L. S. Morris, Pace's Va.
L. T. Nelson, North, Va.
L. K. Nicholson, New Orleans, La.
S. C. Nott, New Orleans, La.
W. P. Patterson, Richmond, Va.
P. B. Peyton, Charlottesville, Va.
J. E. Phelan, Memphis, Tenn.
H. H. Price, High Shoals, Ga.
S. F. M. Puett, Rockville, Ind.
J. Richardson, Georgetown, S. C.
C. S. Roller, Fort Defiance, Va.
W. D. Rucker, Stuart, Va.
E. Ryland, Richmond, Va.
G. R. Sanders, San Antonio, Texas.
W. W. Sheppard, Edgefield, S. C.
C. E. Stuart, Alexandria, Va.
B. M. Tanner, New Orleans, La.
C. L. Todd, Richmond, Va.
T. Todd, Baltimore, Md.
P. E. Trotman, Churchland, Va.
D. F. Turnbull, Monticello, Fla.
J. D. Twitty, Suffolk, Va.
A. M. Tyler, Hickman, Ky.
L. Wall, Buck Lodge, Md.
G. W. Watson, Petersburg, Va.
C. J. White, Carthage, Mo.
M. M. Wilford, Bowling Green, Ky.
J. A. Williams, Red Springs, N. C.
E. W. Wilson, Tallahassee, Fla.
C. E. Wingo, Richmond, Va.



CLASS OF 1901.

History of the Class of 1901.

THE Class of 1901 made its début at Virginia Military Institute on the first day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, and never before did such a lively crowd of blushing débutants grace the old parade-ground. Their life from the very first was one round of pleasure and none could complain of having nothing to do. With drill, three times a day, "growley" same and old cadets at all times, they were kept quite busy. In this way they spent the first six weeks and then journeyed to Nashville, in which paradise for cadets they had the warmest of warm times. After that trip the strictly military life was varied by the beginning of academic work in earnest and the fall and winter were soon passed. The beginning of spring meant hard drills for them. Then "ducks" and more drills, and at last camp, "ducks" and still more drills. After camp came the long anticipated finals—Home.

Thus endeth the first year.

Those so happy to leave in June were as happy to come back in September, and back we came, sixty-six strong, prepared to act as third classmen should. A few had dropped off during the summer, but enough were back to make things gay. The returning of so many seemed a good omen, so we began the year as light-hearted and as bold a set as could be found.

On the eighteenth of January we suffered our first great loss. On that day, Augustus Burgdorf left his grieving class and comrades for his home above. We deeply mourn his loss and feel it as only the loss of a classmate, good, brave and true, can be felt.

Twenty new members were warmly welcomed into the class on the eighteenth of March at a pleasant reception in honor of the occasion.

As is perfectly proper, our class has a large amount of " Mollies " or " dynamite genius " and though modest, has not been backward in displaying it. It has stood bravely the " breakage " and penalty tours occasioned by these different entertainments. Each has acted well his part of the drama being played here and whether in " making maxes " or " zeros, for courtesy," in " running for " or " running on," all have made records not to be beaten.

Though every one does not claim to be a LaRowe or even a Fitzsimmons, yet in all lines of athletics the class is well represented. In every football game 1901 men took part, the keystone of the team being a " naughty one." On last year's baseball team three of the best players were from our number, and this year we have four men on the team.

The term is fast drawing to a close. The months have swiftly passed and all agree that our first year off the Fourth Stoop has been a success. As cadets we hope we have always proved ourselves worthy of the Gray; as classmates, always ready and willing to stick by and stand up for " naughty-one." Many have left us and more may leave before we get our " dips," but whether we are here or abroad, in uniform or in " cits.," with all of us there shall always remain the memory of and the love for our 1901, the first class of the twentieth century.

HISTORIAN.

CLASS OF 1902.

Colors.

CRIMSON AND GRAY.

Yell.

Hippity Hoot! Hippity Hoot!
Virginia Military Institute.
Hullabaloo, Hullabaloo,
Hi! Ho! Hi!
We 're the class of 1902, V. M. I.

Officers.

I. B. JOHNSON, Virginia, ... PRESIDENT.
S. L. HENDERSON, Arkansas, ... VICE-PRESIDENT.
J. D. WISE, Virginia, ... HISTORIAN.

Members.

A. A. ADAMS, Lynchburg, Va.
R. S. ALTER, Cincinnati, Ohio.
H. L. AMBERG, Hickman, Ky.
R. M. AUGUST, Richmond, Va
R. M. BAILEY, Savannah, Ga.
J. M. BARNETT, Eufala, Ga.
L. L. BASS, Richmond, Va.
R. F. BIERNE, Ashland, Va.
J. S. BOND, Baltimore, Md.
R. BORLAND, Norfolk, Va.
M. BOWMAN, Carlisle, Pa.
J. T. BURGESS, Mobile, Ala.
W. G. BUTLER, Richmond, Va
A. N. CLARK, Winston, Mont.
A. L. CLARKE, Washington, D. C.
J. M. DENNIS, Baltimore, Md.
J. W. DOWNER, Norfolk, Va.
F. B. DOWNING, Sharp's Wharf, Va.
R. F. EASTHAM, Flint Hill, Va.
A. W. EVANS, Richmond, Va.

H. L. Flowerree, Vicksburg, Miss.
E. Flowers, Vicksburg, Miss.
M. I. Forbes, Warrenton, Va.
H. G. Garland, Lynchburg, Va.
H. J. Geiger, Staunton, Va.
P. E. Gettys, Knoxville, Tenn.
C. F. Gilkey, Kalamazoo, Mich.
J. W. Gleason, Crewe, Va.
J. W. Grasty, Staunton, Va.
R. Griffith, Vicksburg, Miss.
R. Gwin, San Francisco, Cal.
C. Harris, Linwood, Kan.
C. E. Haskell, San Francisco, Cal.
S. L. Henderson, Fayetteville, Ark.
R. R. Hill, Denver, Col.
H. M. Howard, Washington, D. C.
E. P. Howell, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.
A. W. Inglis, Madison, Fla.
E. D. Jackson, Front Royal, Va.
J. C. Jett, Floyd, Va.
I. B. Johnson, Norfolk, Va.
A. L. Johnston, Jr., Richmond, Va.
M. Q. Kelly, Lynchburg, Va.
T. Kirk, Jefferson City, Mo.
B. C. Lewis, Richmond, Va.
F. S. Lewis, Handley, W. Va.
N. T. Luning, Oakland, Cal.
R. N. Mabomber, Richmond, Va.
G. A. Marable, Magruder, Va.
H. M. McCance, Manchester, Va.
F. C. McConnell, Mobile Ala.
B McCulloch, Hot Springs, Ark.
J. T. McTeer, Knoxville, Tenn.
R. Meginniss, Baltimore, Md.
W. F. Minor, Birmingham, Ala.
E. Mizell, King's Ferry, Fla.
C M. Nichols, Chicago, Ill.
J. D. Page, Princess Anne, Md.
J. P. Parker, Monroe, La.
E. G. Penn, Martinsville, Va.
P. V. Portner, Manassas, Va.
J. C. Raper, Walton Furnace, Va.
A. B. Rawn, Roanoke, Va.
E. M. B. Reynolds, Louisville, Ky.
E. V. Reynolds, Cameron, Ind. Ter.
T. M. Rinehart, Covington, Va.
R. A. Risser, Calvert, Texas.
D. G. Rogers, Fort Smith, Ark.
J. H. Rogers, Maysville, Ky.
G. L. Runge, Galveston, Texas.
E. M. Rust, Leesburg, Va.
P. D. Slingluff, Baltimore, Md.
W. V. Smiley, Moffett's Creek, Va.
H. Smith, Franklin, La.
E. R. de Steiger, San Marcos, Texas.
H. W. Stude, Houston, Texas.
J. K. Thomson, Morgantown, W. Va.
P. A. Tillery, Edenton, N. C.
C. V. W. Trice, Norfolk, Va.
B. H. Tucker, Richmond, Va.
N. Turpin, Carrollton, Mo.
H. Tutwiler, Birmingham, Ala.
W. P. Upshur, Richmond, Va.
H. A. Ward, Norfolk, Va.
A. Weil, Carthage, Mo.
H. R. Weller, Chockoyotte, N. C.
M. F. M. Werth, Richmond, Va.
C. N. West, Charleston, W. Va.
R. W. Williams, Yazoo City, Miss.
J. C. Wise, New York, N. Y.
J. D. Wise, The Plains, Va.
J. B. Wright, Allwood, Va.
A. W. Yerkes, Washington, D. C.



CLASS OF 1902.

Class History 1902.

THE morning of a bright September day is here, and as we look eastward from the limit gates, the intense glare of a mid-day sun is moderated only by the cool green stretch of parade-ground lying before us. The great blue flag of Virginia on one of the Institute's highest towers and the national colors on the other, flutter lazily in the slowly increasing breeze while an occasional roll of a drum from the direction of Barracks, followed shortly by the formation of numerous squads, show plainly that even at this early date military discipline is being enforced with utmost rigor. Tramp—tramp—tramp, squad after squad is being marched out under the command of sprucely attired corporals clad in white-and-gray uniforms. Severe but efficient drill-masters they are, I soon perceive, as I try with fruitless efforts to perform the varied movements of the setting up exercises in company with my future classmates.

Our sympathies are doubtless mutual, but we find no words with which to express them, as the deepening look of despair on our countenances readily shows.

But after all honest grit and determination are in these fellows. Several months later as the call sounds for dress parade the rear ranks of the four large companies reveal a line of immaculately "dyked" boys of which any military school might well be proud.

We were well represented in football circles and are proud to say that to some extent we aided in upholding the glory of the Institute. The same may be prophesied for the baseball team. Nearly every afternoon many enthusiastic players may be seen on the diamond.

We have acquired many skillful arts and practices under the very careful guidance of the old cadets and hope to be able to impart them to future Rats with equal success. From the various branches of the culinary department up to the polishing of the intricate parts of a cam-latch, we are experts. And for all this knowledge we are indebted to the old cadets.

Our selection of class officers has been a most judicious one. It would have been difficult to select two more competent men than our president and vice-president. They have always been honored and respected among our classmates, and by their upright bearing in all

matters have served largely to bring forth this strong characteristic in the body which they represent.

Spring is pervading the atmosphere at present, and though only the faintest touch of green may be seen here and there, we can not push aside the thought that our Rat days are nearly over. A bright vision of the finals spurs us on, and we look forward to at least one week of solid enjoyment. But this bespeaks not that we are discontented at present. Come up on our lofty fourth stoop and see for yourself.

Of course you may be a little embarrassed at first, but we assure you that it will soon wear off when you recollect that a " cit " is always an object of interest to us. There are even occasional whispers regarding the " calic " such and such a fellow intends to take to the final ball, and with such rumors as these abroad how can we help but think of the time when we will be Rats no longer?

As track athletes we have scarcely a rival. For instance, not long ago some of our members put up the most heated and interesting race seen for many moons. They started opposite the hotel, on Main Street, rushed with frightful velocity through the college grounds and up to barracks in the remarkably short space of two minutes, and found to their great surprise that they had beaten their hated opponent, the " long roll," by three seconds, a feat seldom, if ever accomplished.

As these few parting words are penned we take pleasure in saying, there exists among us a kindred feeling more than that of mere friendship, which is much too strong ever to be severed by petty disputes or class politics. We have so far made an excellent showing, and doubtless at the day of graduation our high standard will be as it is at present; with such men how could it be otherwise?

As the big full moon rises over the mountains and all the world is slumbering save the sentinels, we ofttimes in a waking moment think of the parting time so swiftly drawing near. Far up in the darkness west of the parade-ground we hear the distant roar of an approaching train. It dashes past the base of the parapet, throwing its powerful light far in advance. As it is wrapt in the gloom and the sound fades away as swiftly as it comes, we reflect how soon we will board that selfsame train and be carried rapidly onward.

One long handshake with our classmates, one strong desire to remain forever, and with fond recollections of the " girl I left behind me," we say " au revoir but not good-bye," to the Institute.

J. D. W.

Recapitulation.

Virginia	128
Texas	13
Maryland	11
Florida	8
Louisiana	8
District of Columbia	7
Missouri	7
Ohio	7
Georgia	6
Kentucky	6
Mississippi	6
Pennsylvania	6
Alabama	5
Arkansas	5
California	5
New York	5
North Carolina	4
Tennessee	4
West Virginia	3
Colorado	2
Indiana	2
South Carolina	2
Central America	1
Illinois	1
Indian Territory	1
Kansas	1
Michigan	1
Montana	1
New Jersey	1
Utah	1
Total	258

First Honor Jackson-Hope Medal.

L. H. Strother,	Virginia	July, 1877
T. T. Holloway,	Illinois	" 1878
J. H. McCord,	Missouri	" 1879
J. M. Patton,	Virginia	" 1880
A. C. Sloss,	Missouri	" 1881
W. F. Dennis,	Virginia	" 1882
R. B. James,	Virginia	" 1883
J. G. Meem, Jr.,	Virginia	" 1884
G. B. Miller,	Virginia	" 1885
G. D. Letcher,	Virginia	" 1886
E. B. DuBuisson,	Louisiana	" 1887
N. B. Tucker,	Virginia	" 1888
W. N. Hamlet,	Virginia	" 1889
T. H. Taliaferro,	Virginia	" 1890
C. B. Slemp,	Virginia	" 1891
J. R. Thomas,	Tennessee	" 1892
J. A. M. Dearing,	Virginia	" 1893
W. H. Cocke,	Virginia	" 1894
A. J. Vaughan,	Virginia	" 1895
R. S. Spilman,	Virginia	" 1896
T M. Fendall,	Virginia	" 1897
T. A. Jones,	Virginia	" 1898

Second Honor Jackson-Hope Medal.

E. W. Davison,	Maryland	July, 1877
R. G. Withers,	Virginia	" 1878
A. K. Snyder,	Virginia	" 1879
D. H. Pritchett,	Virginia	" 1880
W. J. Crocker,	Virginia	" 1881
D. H. Maury,	Virginia	" 1882
J. R. Doles,	Virginia	" 1883
W. A. Moncure,	Virginia	" 1884
J. D. Ward,	Virginia	" 1885
W. Gatewood,	Virginia	" 1886
L. W. Reid,	Virginia	" 1887
C. P. Fenner,	Louisiana	" 1888
F. Mallory,	Virginia	" 1889
B. L. Hardin,	Virginia	" 1890
L. T. Hyatt,	Virginia	" 1891
W. H. Taylor,	Virginia	" 1892
L. W. H. Peyton,	Virginia	" 1893
C. E. Kilbourne,	District of Columbia	" 1894
C. J. Moore,	Virginia	" 1895
E. B. Frain,	Illinois	" 1896
H. Bruce,	Virginia	" 1897
R. C. Marshall,	Virginia	" 1898

Virginia Dialectic Society.

UNAVOIDABLE circumstances have prevented the Virginia Dialectic Society from carrying on this year the work commenced by her worthy founders, Cadets Samuel Garland and J. M. Massie, whose names are engraved in golden letters on the pages of its history. The facilities enjoyed by other institutions of learning for the pursuit of literary knowledge are limited in barracks, consequently the attention of the cadets is chiefly engaged along other lines.

At the few meetings held this session plenty of good material has been shown, which under careful training, with sufficient time and united interest of all the members, would develop men worthy to compete in every respect with the representatives of any literary society.

Let us hope that in the near future, some satisfactory arrangements can be made so that the meetings of the literary societies will receive the earnest support of every cadet, as no object is more worthy our support, and none will repay more liberally any time and attention given it. Whatever be one's method of obtaining his daily crust in after-life, the chances are that sooner or later he will be called on to speak upon his feet, whether it be in the Senate Chamber or in a smaller and more select coterie to respond to Lang Syne as every loyal son of alma mater should. The cadet's only opportunity to prepare for such emergencies is afforded by the literary societies, hence we plead for less time to routine work and more time and interest to these societies.

A. M.

The Cadet Society.

THE Cadet Society, founded in 1839, stands as one of the most important factors at the V. M. I. Each year it sends out its full quota of members. We regret to say that during the first half of the present year the work of the Society was checked for reasons which could not be prevented. During the latter half, however, the progress was up to its usual standard, as determined by the regular attendance, and the interest manifested in its programmes. We deeply deplore the loss of the names of those who framed the constitution of this Society. We can but say that we have greatly profited by their noble example. May those who are to follow us, ever increase the good work of this Society, and hand down from posterity to posterity a name worthy of that which it bears "The Society of Cadets of the V. M. I."

In Memoriam.

WE READ of those old heroes whose names are handed down from generation to generation echoing through the long corridors of time with the splendor of their achievements undiminished and say, "Ah! that is glory, that is fame." All honor to them, but let us not forget the uncrowned heroes, who, 'neath the balmy skies of a foreign clime, shed their warm heart's blood in a cause not their own. Their glory is fadeless and their laurels will last as long as the hour-glass of time spills the sand of life. Sleep on comrades, we point with pride at your resting place; the Cuban breezes, soft as the sighing of Georgia pines, sing a requiem to your names and a generation yet unborn will burn sweet incense to your memory. Side by side with the Cadets of New Market you will go down in the annals of your alma mater, for you, too, were rocked in the cradle of chivalry. May we forget the sorrow of your loss and remember only that there is grandeur sublime in such classmates, such soldiers, such deaths.

H. G. M.


YMCA

Young Men's Christian Association.

D. B. Shaver, ... President.
R. B. Poague, ... Vice-President.
H. B. Castleman, ... Corresponding Secretary.
J. V. Johnson, ... Recording Secretary.
G. B. Palmer, ... Treasurer.

ALL who know the peculiarities of the life in a distinctive military school know that the religious customs and religious work of civil schools and colleges must be modified to suit our conditions and needs. The compulsory performance of certain military duties on Sunday, the lack of the refining influences of association with the gentle sex, and that feeling of careless independence which is characteristic of the cadet, tend to make one thoughtless and careless as to language and morals and unlikely to be impressed by his spiritual needs. So the V. M. I. cadet sometimes appears to be irreverent and irreligious to those who do not know him.

The Young Men's Christian Association was organized at the Virginia Military Institute in 1882 and eighteen years' experience has shown it to be better adapted to our needs than any other religious society that we know of.

It is our custom to meet on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings. The Tuesday evening services are usually conducted by one of the pastors of Lexington, to whose kindly interest and zeal we owe much of our success. The other meetings, except when we have some visitor, are led by our own active members.

Sixty dollars' worth of religious books will soon be added to the Institute Library at the expense of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Through the visits of traveling secretaries and of our delegations to conventions and training schools, our Association is kept constantly in touch with the great religious movements of the day.

D. B. S., '99.

Lecture by the Editor-in-Chief.

For the Benefit of Future Editors.

LONG experience in finding out what people do not want to read is a primary requisite in which every editor-in-chief must be a past-master; a second, and more important requisite, being an ability to put it in the Annual in such a way that the people couldn't read it if they wanted to.

There are several old standbys always available to editors, and no Bomb could be a success without one of them.

First, there is the New Market story. This may be produced in poetry or prose, from several different and equally excruciating standpoints. (Any one of them is bound to make a hit.)

A unique page full of interest to all readers would be a poem on the Faculty, displaying all their points, fine, or otherwise. This can be made exceedingly humorous by putting in all their favorite ejaculations and attaching as many technical terms to the verses as possible.

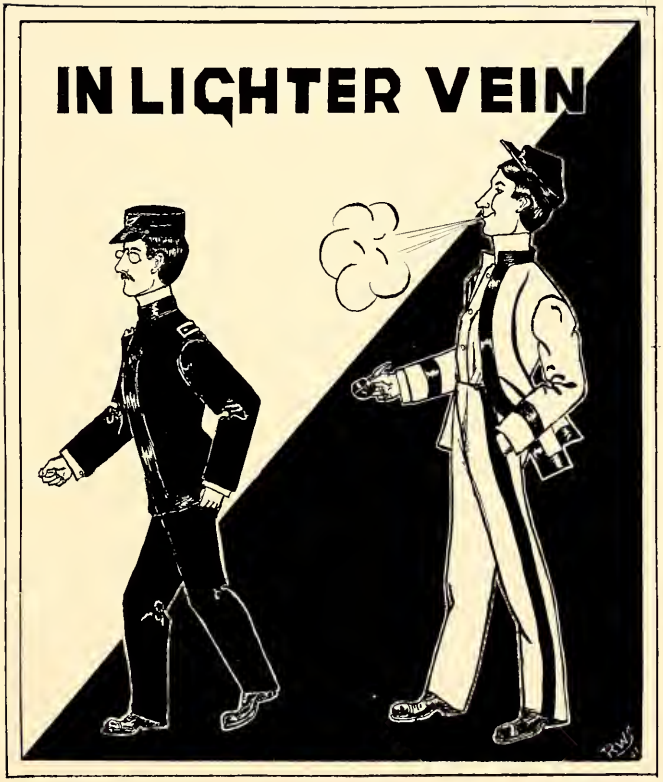
These and the College Jokes, entitled "A Laugh or Two," or "Jokes," etc., etc., (just to give the readers their cue) afford outsiders the keenest sense of enjoyment and insure the success of every annual.

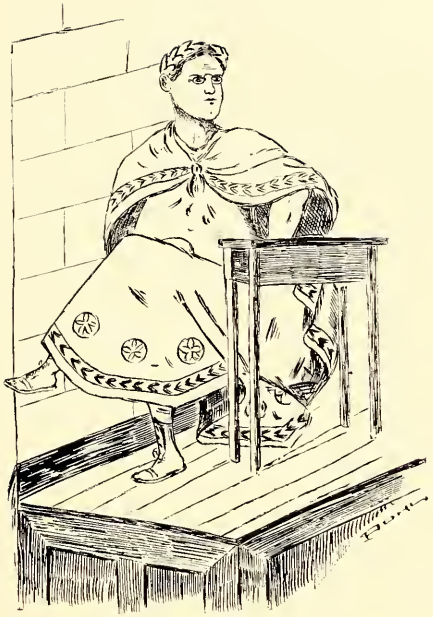
Brother editors, take heed of this literary spasm, which contains all elements of this kind for its perpetrators are completely satisfied and at peace with themselves and their creditors (nit).

W. M. G.



LEXINGTON.


IN LIGHTER VEIN



A Three Days' Festival in the Amphitheatre.

[Note—The writer produces this tale with many apologies to the author of Quo Vadis. He has also borrowed largely from the writings of the "elder Pliny," whose intimate knowledge of the habits of many of the crystal forms has proved of the greatest assistance to him.]

THE enormous amphitheatre stood just without the enclosure of the ancient city. Here were seen the great and costly games with which Cæsar was wont to amuse the people. Joined to it were the barracks of the magnificent legion of household troops, the Pedites Virginiæ Militaris Institutionis. The amphitheatre occupied the angle of the barracks. At the other end of the barrack enclosure stood the Laboratorium Mineralogium, another theatre where some of the most bloody and exciting gladiatorial contests were held.

In years agone when the Gauls came down from the North and burned the barracks, the conflagration had also reduced the amphitheatre to ruins. It had been rebuilt, however, and the new one was more elegant and commodious. The seats or benches for the people rose tier upon tier in a three-quarter circle. Nero's throne and places for others of the Augustians occupied the other quadrant of the circle. In the center was the arena, the scene of many a ghastly and desperate conflict. Steps from the great entrance doors led down to it. A private entrance was provided in the rear of Cæsar's seat, which allowed of ready entrance or withdrawal on the part of any members of the royal household. One great octagonal pillar stood in the center of the arena and many an exhausted and wearied combatant had leaned against it for support and rest while vainly supplicating for imperial clemency.

The whole building was elegantly furnished. The benches were of the choicest and rarest woods curiously carved and marked. The walls were beautifully tinted by the master artists of the city. The predominant color was yellow which was grotesquely heightened in its *bizarre* effect by a peculiar arrangement of parallel white bands. The temperature of the place was regulated by a system of pipes which often added to the uproar of the multitude by frequent gurglings and regurgitations. No more luxurious place could have been devised by ancient civilization in which to witness the triumphs, defeats, agonies, and savage combats of savage men and savage beasts. The other theatre, the Laboratorium, was equally elegant in its appointments.

Cæsar, to appease the populace, was to hold a three days' festival. Of late the carnage in the arena had not been great and Cæsar was determined to make these three days memorable for their awful slaughter. A great quantity of the wildest and fiercest beasts had been collected from all quarters of the earth; colossal diorites, packs of the fierce chalcopyrites, the savage molybdenites, great beasts of the calcite species, numbers of the ferocious and cunning sphalerites, and many of the wildest schistose brutes filled the dens and cages, all destined to be matched against the brain and brawn of the emperor's choicest gladiators. Captive warriors from all lands tributary to the city were to be contestants in the games. Great, burly Rhombohedrons, lithe, active Clinopinacoids, and swarthy Monoclinic warriors with repulsive octahedral faces, grim and threatening, rose rank upon rank.

Towering above them all in ferocity, strength, courage, stature, and skill were the fighters of the Hexagonal tribes, a race armed with many deadly weapons.

Two days of the fighting was to take place in the amphitheatre; the third day the combats were to be held in the Laboratorium where each gladiator was to be matched, single-handed, against any beast ranging from a galenite to an amphibole. In the amphitheatre combats were to take place between the gladiators and captives of all the tribes of Crystallization. For the edification of the rabble many gladiators and captives were to suffer a series of geological tortures, to be mashed between great masses of rocks, to be buried alive under heaps of talus, and to be gashed and mangled by all the weapons from the workshops of erosion.

The great day came at last. The assembling of the gladiators was signaled by the notes of a bugle. The contestants quickly formed, gaily and with little show of concern despite the fact that a cruel fate awaited many. In military order, commanded by the chief of the gladiators called a lanista, they entered the amphitheatre. There standing straight as arrows before Nero, their eyes filled with the light of battle, their powerfully muscled bodies rigid as statues, and the determination to fight hard for a lecture displayed in their every posture, the fated band waited in silence until the lanista had reported to Cæsar, "All are present, sire," and then swelled up from their breasts the sonorous and martial greeting,

"Ave Cæsar, Imperator,
Morituri te salutamus."

They then quickly took their places sitting among the spectators until summoned to the arena.

First came the wrestling matches, a number of gladiators being pitted against a variety of crystal forms. These struggles were not productive of great excitement but they were striking examples of the skill and dexterity of the contestants. The gladiators tugged and swayed with their crystalline foes. Great beads of perspiration stood upon their brows, their breaths came in short gasps, but finally most of them threw their opponents to the ground whereat Cæsar gave a short shake of his head in approval and then entered the result on a tablet in his hand. These tablet records of victory, when a sufficient number of them had been obtained after four years training, gave to

the gladiators a diploma of freedom and the *facultas* conferred upon him the right to sleep late every morning for the rest of his life. Hence all sought to gain as many brilliant records as possible at the hands of Nero.

Two unfortunates were engaged, however, with two particularly nimble and sturdy antagonists, the one a tetragonal penetration twin, the other a combined rhombohedral congruent figure of distorted form. Gallantly the two gladiators struggled against the overwhelming odds when suddenly the Tetragonal seized his opponent by the pinacoidal belt and dashed him senseless and bleeding on his secondary plane of symmetry. The other gladiator cut himself frightfully on the middle edges of the Rhombohedron and, faint from loss of blood, made the signal of submission. Cæsar contemptuously noted down the gladiator's discomfiture in his tablet and the exhausted and conquered man was carried out of the arena on a stretcher, completely " fused out."

But the show was now to assume a sterner aspect. One of the most popular and formidable of the gladiators, the leader of all, was matched in single combat against a biaxial crystal and the conflict was not to end till one or both lay dead. The lanista, powerful and strong, trained for nearly four years in the gladiatorial games, the master of all his fellows, excited the greatest admiration as he stood in easy confidence ready to begin the conflict. The biaxial crystal was a fitting match for him, however. Flashing extraordinary rays of light from his glittering armor,—which bore no ornaments except an unsymmetrical black cross,—he rushed at lanista with his dangerous nicols crossed in the most murderous fashion. Deftly the gladiator avoided his rush and planted a tremendous blow straight between the biaxial's optic axes but in return received a severe cut from a refractive index. The populace was filled with admiration and shouts of " Macte " filled the air. A fierce exchange of thrusts and blows then took place but the gladiator followed up his initial advantage and with resistless fury delivered a cut perpendicular to the obtuse bisectrix, which blow inflicted a mortal wound so that the crystal fell on the sands, his light rays vibrating wildly while light and dark waves swept over his pale interference figure as he writhed in the agonies of dissolution. Cæsar gave the death signal and the lanista was borne in triumph from the arena, having " maxed it " again. A series of similar contests now followed, all calling for the highest qualities of skill, strength, and

endurance. Many of the contests took place in the convergent polarized light; and when this occurred many of the gladiators fell in heaps. The groans of the vanquished, the shouts of the victors, and the thunders of the multitudes rolled up like a storm. Cæsar sternly commanded silence and then, as the rabble subsided, slaves dragged out the dead bodies of the slain, strewed the ground with fresh orthoclase, and the arena was cleaned and made ready for the next event.

Into the arena through open doors were now driven all the caged wild beasts of the menageries, biotites, chlorites, pyroxenes, cherts, and many laminated creatures, all forming a great crowd of blood-curdling, yelping, ferocious brutes against whom now advanced the whole remaining array of the gladiators.

The enormity of this exhibition held the people spell-bound for a moment and then, as they gazed on that stern array advancing to meet the eager tangled press of animals, a wild outburst arose succeeded by a death-like silence. And now began such a scene as had never been witnessed in the amphitheatre. Men and other fierce, strong forms were mingled together in one indiscriminate fighting mass. The agonized shrieks of many who had fallen were drowned by the shouts and cries of those still fighting. In vain many gladiators had recourse to the cuffs of their tunics for aid. They had little time to seize such help before, overwhelmed by a mass of brutes they fell to be mangled and torn and their gashed and mutilated bodies were dragged hither and thither on the sands by their frenzied foes. The gladiators were too few and ere long not one unhurt remained. Pierced by acute bisectrices, their limbs doubly refracted or transfixed by extraordinary rays they all lay helpless or dead while their conquerors yelped and wrestled with each other until they were driven to their dens. Cæsar was filled with wrath at the failure of his choicest contestants and gazing with rage and disgust on the scene of ruin and slaughter simply said, "I shall bring out none of these marks," and then fell listlessly back in his chair.

The wounded were not removed from the arena but placed between great sheets of ultra basic rocks their lives were slowly crushed out or else laid in great synclinal troughs. Here they were subjected to a tremendous lateral pressure and plicated and faulted beyond all recognizable shape. Some few were spared and allowed to live until the morrow when all perished in the fights at the Laboratorium.

To all these scenes Nero showed the utmost indifference except when the failure of his master champions roused his ire. The populace intoxicated with the sight still hurrahed and called on Cæsar for a song. He hesitated a long time, then finally, in response to the repeated outcries of the people, he advanced to the edge of the throne and sang a long and involved ode on the "Optical Properties of Uniaxial Crystals in Monochromatic Light." So great was the influence of the music that many of the multitude fell asleep at once and rested peacefully as little children, giving little indication of that ferocious spirit which had risen to fever heat at the sight of blood but a short time before.

And still Cæsar sang, still the steam-pipes thumped and sighed, still the multitude slumbered while overhead the sun sank toward the hour for "D. P.," and gilded with its glorious tintings the amphitheatre and all that vast assemblage of a bewildered, unheeding, mineralogical people who waited with listlessness and sloth the sound of the bugle which should bring to an end the hour of their crystallographic existence.

M. E. L.



The First Class Private.

I.

My blouse is torn and tattered,
My dress-hat 's sadly battered,
I haven't any brasses,
Accoutrements, or gun;
I 've a great load of demerit,
Though I bravely try to bear it,
For to break the Regulations
Is a constant source of fun.

II.

The habit known as "socking,"
To my nature is most shocking,
My attitude is hostile
Toward any kind of drills;
To be absent from formations
Is the chief of my vocations,
For with ease I "ride" the surgeon
And swallow all his pills.

III.

As for chevrons! Well, I scorn 'em
And though once I may have worn 'em,
No longer I regard them
As ambition's highest goal,
I am slack and proud to tell it,
My place I would not sell it,
And the man whom I see "running,"
Is abhorrent to my soul.

IV.

You may call my actions listless,
You may think that I am shiftless,
And imagine that for nothing do I care,
But your judgment will be shaken,
When the final count is taken
Of the men in life successful,
For I 'm certain to be there.

M. E. L.

An Epic.

How strange a sight it must have been
While snow was falling fast,
And sleet and wind were coming round
The corners in full blast.

When forty nearly frozen forms
With buttons brass and bright,
With muffled tread and silent tongues,
Crept out of doors that night.

They made their way in silent march
Up to the barracks tower,
And there in solemn stillness lay
Awaiting midnight's hour.

Below they heard the sentry's tread,
And heard him call the hour,
But did not fear his finding out
In such a blinding shower.

The night was cold and snow fell fast,
Each anxious heart beat high,
And with each beat the last one felt
His time was drawing nigh.

But hark! Upon the midnight clear,
The sentin'l calls out "twelve."
A crash! A boom! A thundering noise
That sounds like "turned loose hell."

In just a flash the corps awakes,
And all the faculty *too*;
A looking round with sleepy eyes,
And wondering what to do.

From barracks tower a light is seen
That almost blinds the eyes,
And crackers burst with booming sounds,
That rise clear to the skies.

Oh, what a time they must have had,
In all that blinding snow.
Oh, what a shame, now wasn't it?
That the class was forced to go.

For Tuesday evening in the dusk,
An order was displayed,
Announcing that the class must go—
The class that disobeyed.
"Sic transit."

A. L. B.



The Subs.

First comes Voorhies, a la militaire,
So sedate and distingue in air.
 In Latin he rules,
 And thinks all are fools,
Who haven't his talents, so rare.

Now Hocky deserves a good roast,
But he grew up on bran and milk-toast,
 So we simply will state
 If he don't change his gait,
He 'll get left at the first quarter-post.

Then there 's Ducky. Ah, soldier divine !
Every one gets a chill down his spine,
 When you draw forth your sword,
 Believe me, you 've scored
Quite a hit, so says all "99."

Next comes Bottles, all dressed up and cute,
With his stride : Oh say, ain't it a beaut,
 He 's a marvel at French,
 His reports are immense,
And his statements you can not refute.

Now there 's Bev. with his petrified smile,
He 's the loud and the talkative style,
 Such a ladies' man too,
 There are not but a few,
That he can not hold for a while.

Oh Tolly, how much do you weigh !
I believe you have been heard to say,
 " Some subs don't weigh much,
 And that 's plain Dutch,"
So we 'll leave you out for to-day.

W. M. G. "99"

His First Hop.

EVERY cadet imagines himself a society leader, even if his swellest affair of society has been but a Sunday-school picnic, yet, so long as the tails of his coatee do not cross, he sees in himself the pink of perfection and would not be surprised if some Ananias brother cadet were to tell him that Miss Diamondust was dead gone on his shoulders or admired his hair.

For reasons very satisfactory to the editors, since it concerns deeply their safety, the star of the following "tale from high life," will go incognito and simply be called He.

One night about a month before the finals, He was disconsolately trying to get a decent smoke out of a mixture of cracker dust and pencil shavings; he had sorted the conglomeration for the third time and was in a low, crooning voice "cussin" his room-mate, who did not use tobacco, when his harmless diversion was interrupted by some one gracefully kicking open the door and meekly inquiring, "Have all you damned Rats got your cards made out?" Now the He of this story had never danced in his life (strictly sub rosa) and his greatest social debauch had been a two days' stay at a local summer resort; but he had made up his mind, "I kin ef enny body kin," and deep-rooted was his determination to get in the swim, or die, so with all the unconcern of a Fifth Avenue swell he laconically asked "What sort of a callick?" The man making out the card began his fabrication, nothing new or original, just the same sweet, lonesome story, about a "Four times winner." "One of the sweetest, prettiest girls I ever knew, took her myself um—er—um year. Ask L— about her." "She dances like a dream—a little 'flip' but *you* won't mind that. Here are some of the men on her card," reading out the names of three first classmen. "I 'll put you down for the german. Much obliged Rat." Ring the bell, take a drink, and let the curtain fall. From the top of three thoughtful years the Rat wonders why he was not put down for the pesthouse, the black hole of Calcutta, or why some other painless disposal was not made of him.

The months go by with leaden wings. He asks all sorts of questions about germans; "What is a favor anyway? seems to me like blamed foolishness;" "Will I have to get her flowers?"; "Must I carry them?"; "Are the other fellows going to get hacks?"; then, by way of explanation, "don't want to appear short, you know." And so he makes ready for the fray, the sacrifice, or the german, for which he is down,—how down, only his betrayer, the old cadet knows.

Finally the eventful night comes. He almost loves the girl; numberless times he has gone to sleep with visions of a dark-haired, cherry-lipped damsel softly telling him that he dances divinely and that he holds her just right, except—well! well! we need not expose him further, for even a Rat can think,—after taps. He begins to get ready; this necessitates various trips to next door neighbors and sundry promises to return borrowed articles. After fuming for an hour over a pair of patent leathers two sizes too small for him, he is ready. With a final glance at the glass, and the mental comment that "his is the gladdest dike on the turf," He walks down the stoop with all the grace of a Chesterfield and gets in his hack. In a few minutes he is at the house. The lady disappears and returning tells him that "MissJezebel will be down presently." He strikes a careless attitude and begins to regale the lady with the barracks routine (she was born in Lexington). In the midst of his recital he is interrupted by the whirr of silken skirts and an instant later the odor of Jockey Club greets his nostrils. He rises and is knocked down to a—girl, if that term may be applied to females past thirty-five. Even now visions of the vinegar-faced, brune-blonde virago disturb his slumbers. She was thin. Oh! so thin, and the expression on her face would have frightened Yankees, Rebels, wildcats, or devils. It did not take experience or a prophet to see his finish. We will in few words complete the funeral rites and pronounce the benediction. He danced the first with her and dittoed that one until the smiling sun kissed the dreamy topography of Rockbridge County, The Rat is older now than he used to was, and, though he has passed through three finals and their incumbent gaieties, he has never smiled. He does not boast of silvered locks and careworn wrinkles but there is a pleading pigeon-toed look on his face that would make the Sphinx drop salty tears.

Bathed in the glory of a diploma, which he will get when he gets it, he thinks he is capable of giving to the Rats what will be, a word of advice, to-wit: *Don't* under any circumstances.

Cadet Sunday.

When the last faint light of the sun sinks down,
And the outer world at the thought of rest
Feels a measureless, calm delight,
The weary cadet with a burdened heart
Falls asleep oppressed with horror,
To think of the manifold cares that await
The tap of the drum on the morrow.

For to him it brings a greater train
Of evils than all the week,
And he sighs to think how oft in vain
With a reckless waste of cheek
He has sued the "Gim's" relentless heart,
And has always been left in the lurch,
For he 's never succeeded by craft or art,
In riding the Gim for church.

He gazes around the cob-webbed walls,
At the floor all covered with grease;
It was done one night last week after taps,
When he had with some comrades a feast.
He longs for the day when a gay graduate,
His charming young sweetheart he 'll wed,
With never a musket or room to keep clean,
Nor the form of Old Billy to dread.

But these are all trifles, the heaviest blows
The depth of his misery reach;
The most of all is that long ordeal,
Those endless two hours in church;
When his soul like a criminal sits in the stocks,
And suffers a long parboiling,
And he lists to the organ's sleepy tone,
And the minister's endless drawling.

A corporal sits at the end of his seat,
With his watchful prying eyes,
Who, like a hyena, does hungry gaze
At his certain, trembling prize.
Through the long, long prayers he wearies his head,
O'er a prayerbook seeming to pore,
While he only seeks to "ram" the man
Who makes the first sign of a snore.

The gray-coated victims are yawning, save one
Who, seeming to be a good man,
Is trying to hide a "Police Gazette"
By a prayer book held in his hand;
While the musical fellows up in the choir
All smile at the fruitless labor
Of a "rat" below, who is trying to wake
With a pin his drowsy neighbor.

The spruce young officer with his "duck,"
The older one, too, with his wife;
The dignified "sub," and the quiet old maid,
All are nodding as if for dear life.
But we must sit still and be patient throughout,
With our coats buttoned up to our chin;
Our eyes to the front must not rove about
(As if all these things were a sin).

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work,"
And I think that old Moses did best
When he added below, by way of respite,
But from work on the seventh day rest.
But the high priest of old would open his eyes,
And consider it very poor resting
If he could be present and see us enjoy
The military manner of resting.

Now our chaplain says, and I 'm not making fun,
Be sure that I mean not to scoff,
That in heaven they follow the golden sun
From the rise to the setting thereof.
With nothing but service and church every day—
If it 's true, with a thousand regrets
In sorrowful truth I must candidly say,
That heaven 's no place for cadets.

—C. D. W.

'T was Six Months Ago.

You remember 't was six months ago,
When the roof was all covered with snow;
The night "99" went out for a time—
Not caring whether they went South or no—
They told us 'twixt sob and 'twixt tear,
'T would be awkward for us to appear,
In a fireworks display
For we 'd be shipped the next day
And leave at the first of the year.

Old Billy then said to each man,
Since you 've shot you must follow this plan,
Your clothes you must pack,
And never come back,
But toot your own horns if you can,
This method we could not pursue,
We were orphans and d—n paupers too.
So we went to the board,
Made a big hit—and scored,
So what could the faculty do?

—F. A. S. '99.



I Fights mit Siegel.

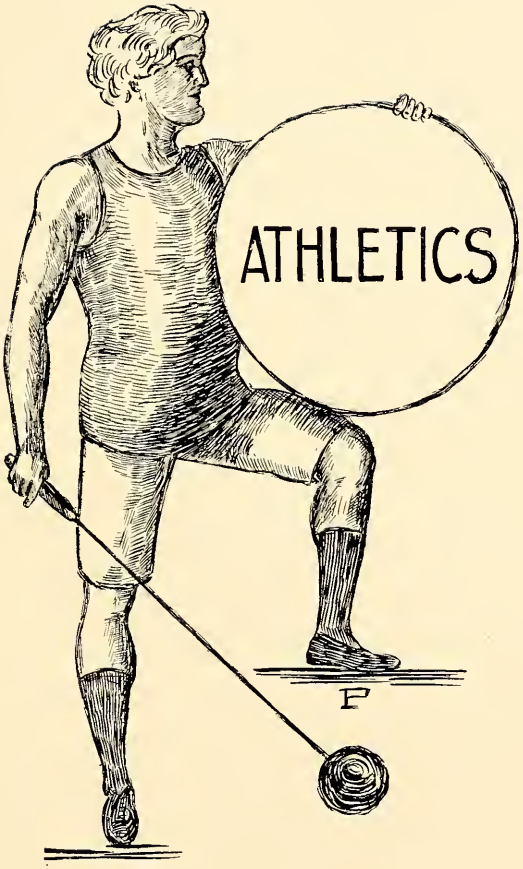
I fights mit Siegel in de Valley,
I runs mit Siegel, too;
I see dem leetle tevils mit de vlag;
I don't know vat to do.

I tinks dey vas some Vrenchmans,
Vrom down in Mexico;
I looked aroundt vor Siegel,
To see vicht vay he go;

I heardt some one say "rally"—
I rallied down dot pike,
Und overtook Franz Siegel
Und all the rest, in vlight;

I tinks about mien Vaderland;
I vishdt I vas at hoome;
I tinks about Franz Siegel;
I vishdt we hadn't coome.

—*George B. Harrison, Boyce, Va.*


ATHLETICS

ATHLETIC OFFICERS.

H. L. SHANER, '99, ... PRESIDENT.
W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., '99, . . VICE-PRESIDENT.

Football.

H. L. SHANER, '99, ... *Captain of Team.*
WILLIAM M. GWIN, JR., '99, }
F. A. SULLIVAN, '99, } *Managers.*

Baseball.

DEXTER OTEY, '99, ... *Captain of Team.*
J. K. PAYNE, '99, }
V. E. MCBEE, JR., '99, } *Managers.*

Gymnasium Team.

F. A. SULLIVAN, '99, ... *Captain of Team.*
WILLIAM L. ZIMMER, JR., '99, ... *Manager.*

Tennis Club.

V. E. MCBEE, JR., ... *President.*

Athletic Executive Committee.

From Faculty.

COL. N. B. TUCKER, (President) COL. E. W. NICHOLS,
MAJ. B. B. MORGAN.

From Cadets.

H. L. SHANER, DEXTER OTEY,
F. A. SULLIVAN, W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR.

Athletics.

IT IS no doubt a source of much pleasure to our alumni and the corps to note the progress of athletics at the Institute during the past year. It is true that this progress was most conspicuous during the football season, but then the baseball team was so handicapped that it would not be well to say what success it might have met with had it been properly encouraged.

For the first time in the history of the Institute the football team returned and began work on the first of September and under the guidance of Messrs. Boyle and Dickson (of the University of Pennsylvania), the men worked with that zeal and interest which marks the making of a good team and by the first of October the team was well seasoned for the work before them.

Right here we might express our appreciation of Mr. Boyle's faithful services with us during the early part of the season. He instilled in the men at once that snap and fierce attack which so characterized the team throughout the season. Mr. Dickson concluded, in a very satisfactory manner the work which Mr. Boyle began and we are much indebted to him for our success.

The gymnasium team, with but two of last year's men, have developed considerably and give promise of a good exhibition at the Finals.

ARAB
FOOT

FOOTBALL TEAM.

Season '98.

H. L. SHANER, '99, ... Captain.
WILLIAM M. GWIN, Jr., '99,
F. A. SULLIVAN, '99. } Managers.
S. A. BOYLE, Jr., (Penn.)
A. K. DICKSON, Jr., (Penn.) } Coaches.

Line Up.

G. A Derbyshire, '99, ... Left End.
W. D. Scott, Jr., '99, ... Left Tackle.
I. B. Johnson, '02, ... Left Guard.
M. Puett, '01, ... Center.
C. Rice, 1900, ... Right Guard.
J. B. Ayers, '99, ... Right Tackle.
E. Biscoe, 1900, ... Right End.
W. B. Montgomery, Jr., 1900, ... Quarter-back.
H. L. Shaner, '99, ... Left Half-back.
S. H. Meem, '99, ... Right Half-back.
D. Otey, '99, ... Full-back.

Substitutes.

V. E. McBee, Jr., '99,
M. E. Locke, '99,
H. G. Morison, '99,
A. Moreno, '99,
W. A. Blackford, '00,
C. S. Roller, '01,
T. Kirk, '02,

Football Scores.

Columbian University	0 ;	Virginia Military Institute	33.
Richmond College	0 ;	Virginia Military Institute	16.
Wash'ton and Lee University	5*;	Virginia Military Institute	29.
St. Albans	5*;	Virginia Military Institute	22.
Georgetown University.	11*;	Virginia Military Institute	5.
United States Naval Academy	20 ;	Virginia Military Institute	5.

*Goal from the field.



FOOTBALL TEAM.



BASEBALL TEAM.

Season '99.

D. OTEY, '99, CAPTAIN.

J. K. PAYNE, '99,
V. E. McBEE, JR., '99. } MANAGERS.

W. A. BLACKFORD, 1900, . .	Catcher
P. E. GETTYS, '02, A. L. CLARKE, '02, } . .	Pitchers
C. S. ROLLER, '01, ...	Short Stop
S. H. MEEM, '99, ...	First Base
H. A. WARD, '02, ...	Second Base
G. D. OTEY, '99, ...	Third Base
C. C. McCABE, '01, ...	Left Field
H. L. SHANER, '99, . . .	Center Field
W. B. MONTGOMERY, 1900, .	Right Field

Substitutes.

J. A. WILLIAMS,
P. E. TROTMAN,
L. K. LEAKE,
I. B. JOHNSON.



BASEBALL TEAM.



GYMNASIUM TEAM.



GYMNASIUM TEAM.

FRANK A. SULLIVAN, '99, ... CAPTAIN.

WILLIAM L. ZIMMER, JR., '99, . . . MANAGER.

Team '98-'99.

F. A. SULLIVAN, '99,

H. G. MORISON, '99,

L. POWELL, '99,

J. W. YATES, '99,

W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., 1900.

TENNIS CLUB.

V. E. McBEE, Jr., ... President.

S. H. MEEM, ... Vice-President.

J. K. PAYNE, ... Secretary.

W. L. ZIMMER, ... Treasurer.

Members.

F. A. Sullivan,

J. B. Ayers,

H. G. Morison,

L. K. Leake,

M. E. Locke,

G. W. Pohl,

H. S. Ervay,

J. C. Kent,

W. Wood,

A. P. Gettys,

R. Gwin,

W. B. Montgomery,

W. A. Blackford,

A. J. Pizzini,

R. A. P. Walker,

A. D. P. Janney,

E. S. Berry,

J. L. Meem,

J. B. Hudson,

A. E. Miller,

I. B. Johnson,

S. L. Henderson.

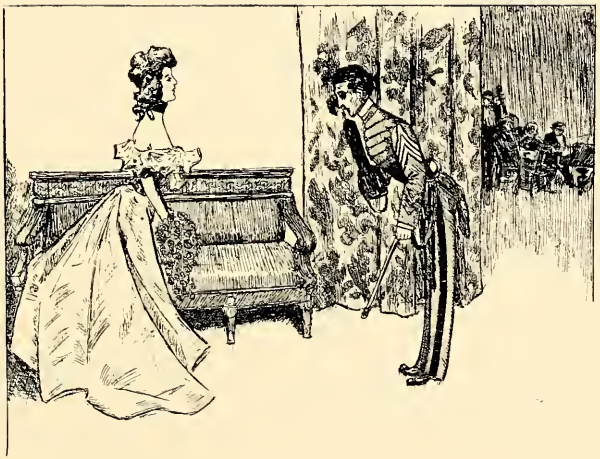


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WILLIAM M. GWIN, Jr., ... VICE-PRESIDENT.

Members.

S. H. Meem,
D. Otey,
H. L. Shaner,
F. A. Sullivan,
W. L. Zimmer, Jr.
S. F. Denby,
G. H. Alexander,
G. A. Derbyshire,
P. D. Ewing,
L. K. Leake,
J. B. Ayers,
H. G. Morison,
J. C. Kent,
W. Wood,
S. G. Talbott,
W. D. Scott,
J. M. Peters,
H. S. Ervay,
G. F. Pohl,
M. E. Locke,
A. Moreno,
W. B. Montgomery,
W. A. Blackford
E. Biscoe,
J. R. N. Boyd,
A. S. Buford,
E. S. Berry,
C. Rice,
J. L. Meem,
J. Pasco,
A. D. P. Janney,
C. C. McCabe,
A. E. Miller,
J. B. Hudson,
G. C. Marshall,
T. S. Carter,
L. T. Nelson,
E. L. Cannon,
I. B. Johnson,
S. L. Henderson,
B. H. Tucker,
P. E. Trotman,
G. W. Watson,
H. Smiley.



September Reflections.

I.

Brightly the colors of autumn
 Robe valley and mountain and hill,
When turning our faces toward barracks,
 We come back again to the "mill,"
And there, when the greeting is over
 Which the bond of our friendship renews,
We sit in our room's wild confusion,
 Plunged deep in a spell of the "blues."

"Back from the summer vacation,
 Back to this terrible place,
Back to the life of a soldier,
 Back to the right about face,
Back to beloved guard duty,
 Back to the torture of drills,
Back to the grim mathematics,
 Back to the 'Gim' and his pills."

II.

So your fancy goes back to the summer,
 While your heart grows as heavy as lead,
Oppressed by a vast desolation
 Which reigns—now your furlough has sped.
Possessed of your morbid sensations,
 Apart with yourself you commune
While thinking with wild desperation
 That ten months must pass before June.

"To rise with the lark at the dawning,
 To shake in the morning's cold gray,
 To wake from my sleep,
 To swear and to weep,
 At the shriek of the shrill Reveillé,
To be my own house-maid and servant,
 To 'dust' and to 'hike up my room,'
To polish up breast plates and belt plates,
 To toil like a Turk—is my doom."

Oh, for the days of the summer,
When free as a bird I could roam,
I would not complain, if at dinner,
I might sit at the table at home.
I see in the smoke of my "briar"
The face of the girl I adore.
For my loved "Mary Alice" I 'm pining,
As I never have done so before.
When last I beheld her fair image,
While sweetly upon me she smiled—
A letter takes three days in coming;
Great Heavens! No wonder I 'm wild

"Back from my summer vacation,
Back to the season of work,
Back to the life of the barracks,
Back to the tasks I would shirk,
Back to the tours and confinements,
Back to this grey coat I wear,
Back to be 'rammed' and be 'ridden,'
Back to the 'Subs'' tender care."

"Well! here I am; I must face it.
There 's the drum! I 've no time to repine,
But hail to the day,
When the music shall play,
That long-wished-for tune—'Auld Lang Syne'"

—M. E. L.

The First Classman's Burden.

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

Take up the first classman's burden,
It 's a blamed tough bullet to chew,
To give up your precious privilege,
And do as a rat must do.
It 's all because you were jolly,
And invented a method new,
To hail the new year with plenteous cheer,
Which is just what cadets should do.

Take up the first classman's burden,
Take out the high plume from your hat;
Go shoulder your gun like a soldier,
Go march in the line like a rat,
Because you have shot off sky-rockets,
And exploded a cracker or two,
And dared not to stop till you had shot them all up,
Which is just what cadets should do.

Take up the first classman's burden,
Take the medicine though it is rough,
Go to rev. along with the others,
Go to drill although it is tough,
Go walk out those penalty tours,
Which are mighty mean things for you.
But that 's what they say, and you 'll have to obey,
Which is just what cadets should do.

Take up the first classman's burden,
Lay aside your sword and your sash,
Gird on your bayonet scabbard,
Shine up your gun like a flash,
Obey the commands of your captain
Who used to be under you.
It 's a mighty tough bit, but you 'll have to submit,
Which is just what cadets should do.

Take up the first classman's burden,
Show them you are made of the stuff
That will never in the least be discouraged
At being treated so scandalously rough.
Go fight it all out to a finish
In spite of all this ado,
But don't get too flip till you grab on to your "dip,
Then do as cadets should do.

—D. H. Leake

The Song of a Has Been.

When I was a sergeant bold,
Oh, my! how I did run,
To "Sock" the rats and make them "fin"
Was the jolliest kind of fun.

But when the finals came at last,
And the official list was read,
Dear Branch, must have forgotten me
Or thought that I was dead.

So now instead of sash and plume,
And head high in the air,
I 'm hunted like some poor wild beast—
Some tiger in his lair.

For I am but a private now,
And awfully slack at that,
Am rammed by all the corps and subs
To make the guard list fat.

—E. Mc.

The Quest.

Ah, long and eagerly he sought,
And turned his clothing o'er and o'er;
Felt all the floor both far and near,
And many a good round oath he swore.

And still he searched, and searched again,
This poor unfortunate young man;
In vain—he could not find his sock,
And so at "rev." he absent ran.



NORTH RIVER FROM BARRACKS.



WHO IS IT ?



To Our Sutler.

O, Krause, we know thou cheatest us,
But how can we forbear
With cream-puffs, cheese and candy
Before our hungry stare?
Our money comes, our money goes,
We really can't say where,
But thou knowest, Teuton sutler,
Thou fairest of the fair. (?)

We come and ask tobacco:
'T is "Cowboy" that we get,
"I gifs no tick on Maryland,
You see alretty yet."
And so we take the "Cowboy,"
And to our room we go
To reek in vile tobacco smoke,
And "cuss out" Krause and Co.

O, Sutler, dear, we could not live
But for thy little store;
We buy and eat, and eat and buy,
And then we come for more.
Our pocketbooks grow slim, and still
Our hunger does increase;
So give us "tick," and, Krause, be quick,
Until our cravings cease.

—A. M. Clark.

Oh, Sorrow.

One night old "99" in trouble ran.
Oh, sorrow! Oh, sorrow!
'T was on the roof of barracks it began.
Oh, sorrow! Oh, sorrow!
We mounted high, the doors we padlocked tight,
Then broke upon the stillness of the night.
It was nothing but a yell,
But it sounded straight from hell;
And poor old Branchy almost died of fright.

CHORUS.

With crashing bombs and glist'ning light
We marched in exultation,
Free from fear or trepidation,
And our men's vociferation
Was such food for contemplation
That the whole blamed faculty was forced to flight.

We met the faculty, and we were theirs.
Oh, sorrow! Oh, sorrow!
A Peace Commission sat on our affairs.
Oh, sorrow! Oh, sorrow!
To save our spotless names, the board then said
That all authority we 'd have to shed,
And that we 'd have to run,
And also pack a gun,
But in two months we 'll wield our swords instead.

Chorus.

—Wm. M. G., "99."

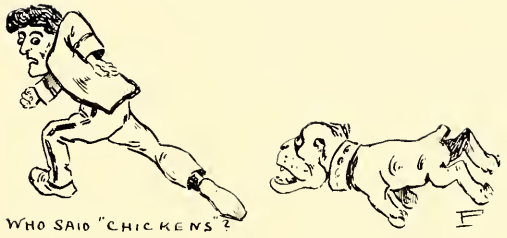
Do They Miss Me at Rev.?

Do they miss me at rev., do they miss me?
'T would be an assurance most dear,
To know that the orderly sergeant
Thought: "Damn it; I know he is here;"
To know that a good-hearted fellow
Had answered my name loud and clear.
Oh, yes; it would be most provoking
To know that they miss me down there.

I must set me a chair by the table,
And write out the truth or a lie;
For I have just heard that they missed me,
Though I 'll swear that I do not see why.
And when the lights out is repeated,
And all lay them down on the floor,
I 'll think of the falsehood I 've written,
And resolve to be absent no more.

Do they miss me at rev., do they miss me?
Do they miss me at tattoo at night?
If they do, I will go to the doctor
And swear that my shoes are too tight.
I will tell him that rev. is too soon,
That they ought to postpone it till night,
And, if he 'll excuse me this time,
I will never again run a late.

E. A. R., "60."



The Cadet's Plea.

O! Major Houston, pity take!
Try to stop this awful fake!
Try to soften our beefsteak!
This mess-hall sure is hell!

[CHORUS.]

Meats bad, Breads bad,
Butter bad, Molasses bad,
Flies bad and Pies bad—
And fifty cents per day.

M. E. L., "99."

The Charge at New Market.

At Waterloo and Balaklava,
Were deeds of valor done,
But vain as grass before the blade,
Or snow 'neath summer sun.

"They come! They come!" the cry arose,
From all the battery's side;
"My men! My men! Those are but boys,"
The officer replied.

"Pour in your shot, pour in your shell,
And soon the sun will see
Them halted, broken, fled—
The Southern chivalry."

"They halt! They halt!" the colonel cried
"You soon will see them flee;"
"They come! They come!" the men replied,
"This Southern chivalry."

"No boys are these, nor men for war,
But giants in our eyes;
'T is not in man to stem this tide—
A tide of sacrifice."

The battle lulled—two armies gazed
Upon that red artillery,
Upon those heights where test was made
Of Southern chivalry.

'T was not in man to stem that tide,
That flowed to victory;
On heights of flame they placed their flag
Of Southern chivalry.

—*George B. Harrison*,



BARRACKS.



THE FINALS

The Finals.

WE HAVE arrived at the end of a year that for some was quite eventful, for some prosperous, for others most disastrous, though the close is a great pleasure to all. And we welcome the finals with the greatest joy—the first classman, because he is so soon to become a much envied "cit" and leave this "dear place" (which our predecessors say we will be loth to do); the fourth classman because he becomes an old cadet and can revenge himself on the poor unfortunates who may travel in his footsteps, and both because they are probably fortunate enough to see once more after such a long time those who wept (or rather said they did) on the night of their departure ten months ago, and from whom they had extracted many promises and declarations which were doubtless faithfully kept.

Camp has been broken; we have returned to barracks for the examinations, and are working hard trying to "brush up" on our studies, having forgotten everything (not very much, however), during our pleasant (?) sojourn.

The day of the last examination has arrived and in the midst of a most difficult problem a great chattering is heard in front of barracks, and somebody whispers "calic." Like magic all paper and pencils are thrown aside and the greatest craning of necks ever seen takes place in order to catch a glimpse of the fair creatures and thus all hopes of making that hoped-for "proficient" are blasted and we are published "ipso facto."

The night of the opening hop, the beginning of the finals, has come. And the cadet on entering the gymnasium, instead of seeing our usual number of girls (about five) is amazed at the great throng. He soon overcomes his embarrassment, however, and the young ladies manage

to do the same with that little feeling of timidity they invariably experience and a most enjoyable evening is spent.

The next day, as are all others during the finals, is a succession of drills and parades, when there is always a large crowd present to witness the accuracy and precision of movements, which grew so monotonous during the year and are now such a pleasure before such charming spectators. After parade everybody hurries back to the "hill" to have a short chat with some one he has probably met at the hop the night before, or to meet some that have just arrived.

The next night is that of the society celebrations, when the two literary societies hold a joint meeting to contest for medals given to the best orator, declaimer, and debater. These are largely attended and quite interesting, though some prefer "sitting it out" elsewhere.

On the following night the athlete is rewarded for his hard work in long training by the appreciation of the large audience present for his wonderful feats performed on the bar and at tumbling. However, now and then there may be seen on the faces of some of the young ladies the look that "this is all very nice, but it would be much nicer to be in the gymnasium dancing" and it 's not very long before her wish is gratified, as the exhibition is soon over and all repair to the gymnasium, where the remainder of the evening and a good part of the morning, is spent in dancing.

The german comes on the next night, and the first classman dances his last time as a cadet. The german is opened by the president of the club with his partner, assisted by eleven other couples. A military figure is executed with much ease and grace, after which the regular german takes place and is continued till morning, with the exception of a short intermission for supper.

The crowning event of the finals takes place the last Thursday in June, when the final ball is held. This, as is the German, is opened with a military figure, which is executed by twelve couples, the cadets in full-dress uniform, the young ladies all dressed in white. With the firing of cannon at eleven o'clock, the twelve couples march into the hall and execute a brilliant military figure, which is followed by dancing. At the firing of another gun at two o'clock the large gathering marches to the mess hall where a supper is partaken of by all. With the dawning of the morning hours another gun, fired by the young lady who has opened the ball, brings this final event to a close. D.

Calendar.



Friday Evening, June 16, at 9 o'clock,
Opening Hop.

Saturday Evening, June 17, at 8 o'clock,
Society Celebrations.

Monday Evening June 19, at 8 o'clock,
Gymnasium Exhibition.

Tuesday Evening, June 20, at 10 o'clock,
Final German.

Wednesday Evening, June 21st,
Alumni Banquet.

Thursday Evening, June 22, at 10 o'clock,
Final Ball.


GYMNASIUM
EXHIBITION.

FINAL GERMAN.

V. E. McBEE, Jr., Leader.

Assistant Leaders.

WM. M. GWIN, Jr. G. A. DERBYSHIRE,
S. H. MEEM, F. A. SULLIVAN.

D. OTEY, Chief Marshal.

Marshals.

H. L. SHANER, S. F. DENBY,
J. B. AYERS, G. H. ALEXANDER,
P. D. EWING. L. K. LEAKE.

W. L. ZIMMER, Jr., Chairman Committee.

Committee.

W. D. SCOTT, H. S. ERVAY,
J. W. YATES, A. MORENO,
M. E. LOCKE. S. G. TALBOTT,
J. C. KENT, WILLIAM WOOD.


FINAL GERMAN
HASKELL



FINAL BALL.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 22D.

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PRESIDENT.

E. BISCOE, District of Columbia,
VICE-PRESIDENT.

C. RICE, Virginia,
CHIEF MARSHAL.

W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., Virginia
CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE,

Marshals.

W. A. BLACKFORD, Virginia.
R. A. P. WALKER, Virginia.
J. R. N. BOYD, Virginia.
A. S. BUFORD, Virginia.
A. D. P. JANNEY, Virginia.
D. M. BERNARD, Virginia.
J. PASCO, Florida.
C. R. HOWARD, Virginia.
J. L. MEEM, Virginia.
C. H. MINGE, Louisiana.

DEAR FRIENDS, FAREWELL. NIGHT MAY GIVE PLACE TO DAWN,
AND BIRDS SING ON, AND AUTUMN CROWN THE LAND,
BUT WHAT CARE WE? OUR MEMORIES ARE NOT GONE,
AND THE CLASP OF EACH FAITHFUL HAND
IS LEFT, A TOKEN OF A GOLDEN SCENE
ON WHICH THE CURTAIN ALL TOO EARLY FELL.
A LONG AWAKENING, THAT SUCCEEDS A DREAM
OF SEVERED TIES. FAREWELL, CLASSMATES, FAREWELL.


FINIS


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Endless Variety of Neckwear
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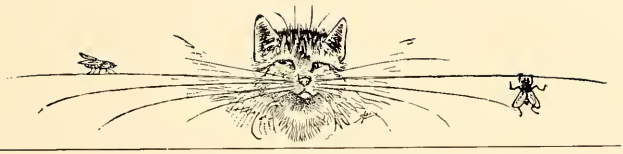
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